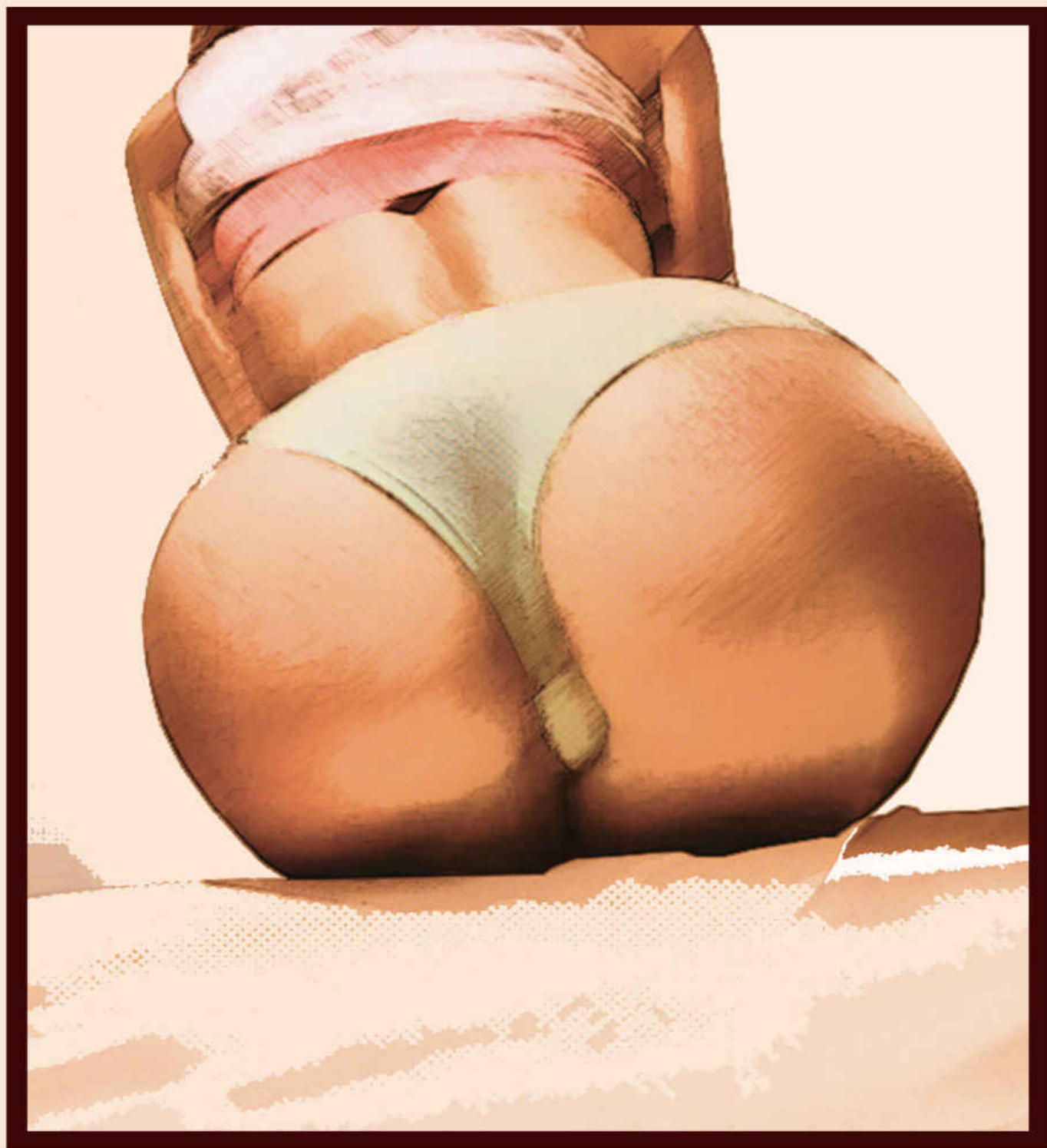


# BECOMING A BOI



**NIKKI S. JENKINS**

**Part Five**  
**Becoming a Boi**

# Chapter One

To a fault, Dr. Omar Bell was an angry man. For his entire life, he'd lived in the shadow of the past, never able to truly let the mistakes of yesteryear go. His people had been plucked from their native land, and forced into centuries of brutal slavery. Even in the wake of the Emancipation Proclamation and the Civil War, the problem didn't disappear. No – it merely changed. Outright slavery was outlawed, certainly, but his people were still forced to endure the indignity of living as second class citizens. The mere thought made him sick.

Oh – but everything had changed. It was all better, they said. The Civil Rights movement, Affirmative Action, and other legislation prompted by white guilt had rendered inequality and racism relics of the distant past, a memory best forgotten. Dr. Bell knew the truth, though. He'd experienced America's version of equality firsthand, and he had come out the other side a changed man, haunted by his losses.

Slavery and above-board oppression had been replaced by subversive plots perpetrated by the government, unjust legislation, and police brutality. And that was just scratching the surface; the black male, as portrayed in the media, was different. He was aggressive. He was overtly sexual. And, like a wild beast, he was to be feared. Treated like animals, it was no wonder that so many ended up in cages.

Oh yes – Omar Bell was an angry man. His fury drove him, sustaining him while perpetuating itself until he was determined to make them pay. Laws were useless when the justice system was run by white America. No – they deserved a real punishment befitting the crime.

Already a brilliant man, his anger pushed him to conquer multiple scientific fields. It drove him to spend years developing his mind, and in the process, he became one of the most accomplished scientists in the world. He won awards – a Nobel Prize among them – and for a while, it was enough that he had succeeded despite the odds stacked against him. The most potent punishment is personal success, he'd once thought. Over time, though, he'd grown angrier. His success meant nothing in the face of the racism he saw every day. He saw riots. He saw protests. In the end, though, all he saw was failure.

*You can't win if the other side makes the rules,* he thought.

A lucky break by a former colleague had given him the idea that would change the world. He coopted it as his own, and developed a plan to change the rules. There were issues along the way, and it took far more work than any endeavor he'd ever pursued, but after years of testing, he finally had his weapon.

He would punish them, every last one. He would make them pay for centuries of mistreatment. This story begins with his success.

## Chapter Two

Bill's eyes fluttered open as he slowly awoke. The morning sunlight filtered through the curtains, highlighting the dust motes flitting through the air. He felt the comforting weight of his wife's arm across his chest, and smiled, realizing how lucky he was to have such a beautiful, capable woman as his life's partner.

Sensing that he was awake, she mumbled, "Don't get up," as she nuzzled against his side.

He looked down, seeing Mary's beautiful brown eyes staring sleepily at him. "I have work," he said, stroking her smooth cheek.

"Call in," she said.

Spontaneously, he leaned down, kissing her forehead. "Can't," he said, trying to extricate himself from her grasp. "Seriously, Mary – I've got to get up."

"I can think of a couple of ways to keep you here," she answered, planting a kiss on his hairy chest. She trailed tiny kisses down his torso, eventually ducking her head under the fluffy white comforter. Within a few seconds, Bill felt the gentle caress of his wife's mouth on his hardening cock. Up and down, her head bobbed – over and over again. Bill tilted his head back, closing his eyes as he enjoyed his wife's ministrations.

It wasn't long before Bill came, and Mary swallowed every last bit. When she'd finished the impromptu blowjob, Bill leaned back, interlacing his fingers behind his head. He grinned as he dozed off. Life was good.

Sometime later, Bill felt Mary jabbing his ribs. He jerked awake, and she said, "I thought you had to go to work."

Sleepily, he asked, "What time is it?"

"Almost 8:30," Mary answered.

He groaned before swinging his legs off the bed. Hesitating for only a moment while he worked himself up to starting his day, he stood. After taking a quick shower, he paused only momentarily to stare at his reflection.

At six foot, and one-hundred-and-eighty pounds, he had a fit, athletic build. He had a square jaw covered with coarse stubble and a beak-like nose that gave his face a hawkish appearance. Thick brows stood atop blue eyes, and closely cropped brown hair sprouted from his head.

He sighed, rubbing his jaw. Mary hated beards, but he'd so far resisted her efforts to have him shave it – more on principle than anything. In fact, if he was pressed, Bill would've admitted that it was more than a little irritating in that it was itchy and hard to maintain.

Bill took the time to trim a few stray hairs, brush his teeth, and put his contacts in before dressing himself in a dark, navy blue suit with a red tie. After dressing, he walked into the kitchen where he poured a cup of coffee, and turned the television on to catch up on the day's news.

It didn't take long before he knew that something was going on. Grabbing the remote, he turned up the volume.

"No one knows what has happened to Dr. Bell," a pretty newswoman with blonde hair and green eyes said. "But it has been confirmed by sources within the government that some sort of chemical has been released into the atmosphere. However, those same sources claim that the entire claim is a hoax, and that —"

Bill changed the channel, but the next station's report was nearly identical. A male news anchor said, "We have published the aforementioned letter on our website if you would like to read what Dr. Bell had to say. Clearly, the acclaimed scientist has gone mad."

Curious, Bill hurried across the room to his laptop, and fired it up. He found the website, and began to read:

*Dear World:*

*For too long, African Americans have stood by, letting the rest of the world dictate our fate. We've been oppressed, enslaved, and discriminated against. Our pleas for equality have gone unheard. Racism continues to run rampant. Our people are systematically harassed, killed, and imprisoned for no other reason than the color of our skin. Today, that ends. Today, we fight back.*

*I've spent my life trying to make the world a better place. I've cured diseases. I've established vaccines. And now, I've set my sights on inequality. I know what they'll say, that this is a hoax; I assure you — it is not. Over time, you'll no doubt realize that.*

*For the last decade, I've dedicated my time to changing our social hierarchy, and earlier this week, I released a biological agent into the atmosphere. We have one-hundred percent coverage.*

*Do not panic. I'm not trying to kill anyone, though I'm sure some would wish it. No — the agent is designed to do one thing: reassert the dominance of the black race. This chemical will only affect white males, and will establish a biological precedent, the denial of which will be impossible. By the time this is all said and done, our*

*world will experience an equilibrium the likes of which we've never seen. And from that state of equality, a period of societal growth will blossom. We will be all the better for it.*

*Ah – but there will be growing pains. Some will cling to the old ways. Some will deny the changes, even in the face of irrefutable evidence. That is to be expected, because change – true and necessary cultural change – is difficult – more so for those who have benefited so greatly from our society's inequality.*

*They will try to stop it, this change, but they will be unsuccessful. They will scurry around, trying to reverse my hard work, putting their “best” scientists to the test. They needn't try, for my plan is unassailable. The changes are irreversible. And the world will be permanently transformed. That is my promise.*

*Enough exposition, though. You want to know what to expect, don't you? And so you have that right. Be aware, though, that despite what you may think, this plan is motivated by love – not of any individual race, but rather, of humankind. Our world simply cannot survive much longer, driven by the innate attitude of casual oppression which has infected the very DNA of white society.*

*There's an element of punishment, I'll admit. I'm not immune to doling out such deserved discipline.*

*The changes – which, again, are permanent and irreversible – will take somewhere between eight months and two years, and are purely physiological.*

*First, white males will shrink slightly, putting their height and weight in the range of comparable females. Second, their already small penises and testes will shrink to better match their smaller bodies. Third, their anuses will gain elasticity and sensitivity. Fourth, their voices will become higher pitched. Next, their hips will widen, and their shapes will be altered to give them a more feminine shape. Sixth, their nipples will enlarge, becoming quite a bit more sensitive. And finally, their musculature will become less pronounced – especially in the upper body – and their skin and basic face shape will soften.*

*Basically, the white male will become something stranded between masculinity and femininity – with a heavy leaning towards the feminine end of the spectrum. As I said, these changes are irreversible. All (current and future) white males will exhibit these traits.*

*I know what you're thinking. This sounds like something out of a bad (and particularly disturbing) science fiction story. Most people will dismiss these claims, giving them little credence. Your belief isn't a requirement, for once the changes start, you will become a believer soon enough. After a few years, the world will have changed – for the better, I think.*

*Good luck with your changes. Embrace the new world, and you may yet flourish.*

*With Regards,*

*Omar Bell*

*Dr. Omar Bell, Ph.D.*

Bill read the text three times before looking up, still trying to comprehend the content of the letter. It all seemed so silly; nothing that crazy could really be possible.

*Or can it? What if he could do it? What would that mean?*

“Have you seen what this crazy scientist is claiming?” asked Mary, breaking Bill from his disbelieving thoughts. He turned around to see his wife staring at the television, where the news had displayed a graphic detailing Bell’s claims.

“Yeah. I was just reading his – what do you call it? His manifesto, I guess. I can’t believe they’d even report this shit. It’s so stupid that –”

“Well, he did win the Nobel Prize a few years back,” Mary explained. “They said earlier that he’s some sort of super genius – basically cured leukemia. But I guess even people that smart can go off the deep end.”

Bill shrugged. “Pressure must’ve gotten to him. Think they’ll let me use this as an excuse to miss work?” He grinned.

“Somehow I doubt it,” Mary stated.

“Yeah – me too,” Bill said, crossing the room. He grabbed his travel mug full of coffee, and kissed Mary on the cheek. “I’ll be home around six, I think. Unless Barry needs me to work on that Smithers account again – in which case –”

“You’ll be home when you get home,” Mary interrupted. “I know the drill.”

“Love ya,” he said, hurrying out the door.

On his commute, all of the radio stations seemed obsessed with crazy Dr. Bell's insane claims. It got so bad that Bill turned the radio off, preferring instead to drive to work in silence. When he got there, he was comforted by the fact that nothing really seemed to have changed. There were still deadlines. There were still reports to file. And there were still clients to woo. There wasn't time to dwell on the ravings of a madman.

Still, Bill caught snippets of concerned conversation. He did his best to ignore it, preferring to focus on his job.

Days passed without incident, and soon, most people moved on to the next big news story. Bell had had his moment of fame, and subsequently disappeared. The hoax, some said, had been an inventive way to drive discussion of race relations, and in that regard, it had succeeded, if only briefly.

Throughout it all, Bell remained stubbornly missing. No one could find him – and the authorities were certainly looking – and after the letter, he'd cut off contact with the rest of the world.

## Chapter Three

“As you can see on pages seven and eight,” Bill said. “This quarter’s raw sales numbers have actually increased by nearly five percent, despite a minor drop in \_”

*Did my voice just crack?*

Bill cleared his throat, continuing, “Next quarter, with the new plant opening, our labor costs should decrease by nearly thirty-two percent, resulting in a substantial positive gain. Basically, we’re just having to eat it this quarter, but we’ll make it up before the end of the fiscal year.”

*Is my voice higher? No – it can’t be. I’m just coming down with something.*

For the next few days, Bill’s voice continued to crack at inopportune times. More, he’d noticed that he wasn’t the only one affected; nearly his entire office had experienced the same issue. A few of them had begun speaking in much-higher registers.

Nearly a week after the initial incident, Bill was eating dinner with his wife when she interrupted a story he’d been telling.

“Do you have a cold or something?” she asked.

“No,” he answered. “I feel fine. Why?”

“It’s just that – well – your voice is really high,” she said. “It’s almost like – no, never mind. I guess I’m just imagining things. What were you saying again?”

Bill had no intention of pursuing the subject. He knew his voice had changed, but he didn’t want to face that particular reality. However, he couldn’t deny that something was wrong when, a few days later, he answered the phone, and was asked if his husband was around. As he angrily hung the phone up, he decided to get it checked out.

The resulting doctor’s visit was a complete waste of time; the woman insisted that there was nothing structurally wrong with Bill’s vocal cords. Armed with the doctor’s assurances, Bill shrugged off his high-pitched voice, and went about his life, assuming that it would right itself.

A month later, however, it had not. By then, though, Bill had gotten used to it. In fact, most of his friend’s voices were higher-pitched as well, so nothing seemed out of the ordinary. Of course, he couldn’t help but suspect that the change was the result of Dr. Bell’s work. It was too much to simply chalk it up to coincidence. Still, though, he had a difficult time thinking that it would go any further.

Voices weren’t so hard to change, he reasoned. But the rest of it? That sort of sweeping transformation was impossible, he thought. No – everything would be right

itself. Nothing else would change. He was so sure. And he also had the misfortune of being very, very wrong.

## Chapter Four

Over the next two months, Bill became more accustomed to his new voice. Certainly, from time to time, he noticed it, but living with it every day had made it seem almost normal. That, coupled with the fact that the vast majority of his friends and colleagues sounded similar, pushed the change to the back of his mind.

He stepped out of the shower, and up to the vanity. After wiping his hand across the foggy mirror, he stared at his reflection – despite the fact that he still recognized himself, there was something off, if only just. He rubbed a hand along the contour of his jaw. He hadn't shaved, but his cheeks remained soft and smooth. What hair decorated his face was fine and wispy – like that of a teenager.

*That's not it, though,* he thought.

After a moment, he began to pick out small differences. Were his eyes slightly larger? And was his jaw a little rounder? Certainly, his nose couldn't be smaller, could it? *No – that's not possible,* he thought. *It was a trick of the light. A result of a hairless face. Or maybe it was the weight loss. I have lost a few pounds. Maybe that's it.*

Shrugging, he decided to ignore it, convincing himself that there was nothing to worry about. After all, if there were, the government would surely have made some sort of announcement.

After brushing his teeth, Bill left the bathroom, and went into his bedroom to get dressed. As he pulled on his pants, though, he paused.

*Is my butt getting bigger? No – it can't be, can it? Not with all the weight loss.*

He turned, looking at his rear end in the mirror. He bounced on his toes, and it jiggled slightly.

*Maybe I need to hit the gym or something.*

As Bill finished dressing himself, he tried to ignore the fact that his pants were a little too long. Similarly, he forced himself to overlook his shirt's now-overlarge collar, the sleeves that extended halfway down his palm, and the coat that hung on his shoulders a little too loosely.

It wasn't until a couple of weeks later that he was forced to confront reality.

"Honey – have you looked in the mirror lately?" Mary asked as Bill crossed their bedroom. She sat on the bed, appraising her husband.

Bill rummaged in their dresser, and retrieved a pair of boxers. "Still as handsome as ever," he answered, a playful tone in his high-pitched voice.

"I'm serious, Bill," she said.

Bill looked up, and seeing the concern in Mary's eyes, asked, "What's wrong?"

“Nothing,” she said. “It’s just that...well...how much weight have you lost?”

“A few pounds,” was Bill’s answer. “Not too much.”

“I want you to go weigh yourself,” Mary said. When Bill protested, she said, “Just humor me, okay?”

“Fine,” he replied, walking into the bathroom. He stepped on the scales. “A hundred and forty pounds,” he called. Stepping into the room, he said, “Happy? I’ve lost some weight, okay? Big deal.”

“It’s not just that,” Mary said. “It’s more than just weight loss, and you know it. You have to, right?”

Confused, Bill asked, “What do you mean?”

“God – look at your body, Bill,” Mary said. “I mean – really look at the shape. Look at your face.”

Still naked, Bill crossed the room to a full-length mirror near the door, and glanced at himself. “There,” he said, defiantly. “I looked. Happy?”

“Do it properly,” she said. “I’m not trying to be a bitch here, but...I mean...just look, okay?”

“Fine,” he said, intending to stare at himself for a moment just to placate her. However, when he forced himself to pay attention to the shape of his body, his jaw dropped.

*Have I really been so blind?*

It had been a while since Bill had truly studied his form, preferring instead to ignore the obvious changes. But as he stared at his reflection, he couldn’t lie to himself.

“It’s happening,” he whispered, remembering Bell’s description of the impending transformation. “It’s really happening.”

Bill’s waist was thin, and his hips flared slightly, giving his body a subtle hourglass shape. He turned, looking at himself in profile. Though his waist was trim, his stomach had a slight curve to it, and his rear end jutted out – round and full. His upper body had changed nearly as much; his shoulders had narrowed, and there was barely any muscle to be seen.

*It’s not real, he thought. It can’t be. This is a dream. A really bad dream.*

Panic started to rise, threatening to overwhelm him. His mind raced, trying to think of a logical explanation. His heart beat so loudly that it sounded like a bass drum. Darkness began to close in as his breath came in ragged gasps. He felt trapped. Weak. Helpless.

And then he collapsed.

An indeterminate amount of time later, Bill awoke. For a moment, he thought that it had, indeed, been a nightmare. But then reality came rushing back as Mary cradled his head in her lap, stroking his hair.

“There, there,” she said soothingly. “I’m sure it’s all temporary. They’re working on a cure. It’ll be okay. It’ll all be okay.”

Bill didn't speak. He tried not to think, instead focusing on Mary's reassuring whispers.

## Chapter Five

The next day, Bill called in sick to work. He could barely bring himself to face his wife, much less his coworkers. Mary, for her part, did her best to be supportive, telling him that it would be okay, that the world's best scientists were no doubt on the verge of finding a solution.

He longed for ignorance; if he could have gone back to pretending that the changes weren't even there, he would have. But that particular cat was out of the bag, and there was no putting it back. Every time he passed a mirror, he saw the feminine face of a familiar stranger – like that of a long-lost sister.

Around midday, Bill was watching one of the twenty-four hour news stations when the first signs of global panic emerged. All of the newscasters were female, but that wasn't necessarily strange; many of the male anchors had taken leaves of absence when their voices had changed.

“We all thought it was a hoax,” said the pretty newswoman. “But as white men across the world underwent massive physiological changes, it became clear that Dr. Bell's claims were anything but a joke. Our latest poll shows that nearly ninety-nine percent of white males have been affected, experiencing weight loss, alopecia, fat redistribution, and a dramatic decrease in musculature. In addition, many have seen skeletal restructuring, resulting in facial changes, minor height loss, and the development of feminine proportions.”

The woman cleared her throat. “In short, the changes fall in line with what Bell predicted. To tell us more about what to expect, please welcome Dr. Theresa Samuels.”

The camera panned over to a severe looking woman with narrow eyes and a hooked nose. She had dark hair, streaked with grey. “Thank you, Melissa. It's good to be here.”

“So – Dr. Samuels,” the news anchor said. “What's happening here?”

“The short answer is that we don't really know,” the doctor said. “We've got bits and pieces of information on it, but the problem is that the root cause, the chemical compound Dr. Bell employed, well – it's fused with the DNA of the hosts, mutating into an unrecognizable form. That means that we can't simply reverse engineer a cure. We're basically having to start from scratch to try to replicate the formula ourselves. Hopefully, once we've done that, we can create a cure, of sorts.”

“Our numbers say that nearly every white man in the world has been affected,” the newswoman said. “But there have also been a smattering of others ethnicities changed as well. Latinos, for instance, have seen a fourteen percent rate of...ah...

infection. Arabs are at twenty-one percent. Indians and other Asians have been affected at a rate of eleven percent.”

“It seems random, doesn’t it?” the doctor said.

“And confusing,” answered the anchor.

“Most genetic differences in race are mutations based on geographical origination,” the doctor said. “But when we’ve tried to narrow it down based on that interpretation of race, we’ve come up with nothing. It doesn’t seem to have anything to do with origin. It really does follow a racial pattern, though we can’t seem to find the trigger.”

“So what should affected men do?” the anchor asked.

“Remain calm,” Samuels answered. “We’ll crack it. The best scientists in the world are working as we speak, trying to make sense of it all.”

“Thank you, Dr. Samuels,” the anchor said as the camera panned back to her. “In some parts of the country, small scale riots have erupted, but these outbursts of violence have been easily quelled by our hard-working policemen.”

The newscast cut to a scene of all-black policemen subduing a much larger number of white, male rioters. It didn’t make sense to Bill; what good could possibly come from a riot?

“Other parts of the world have not been so fortunate,” she said. The newscast showed nearly a dozen dead Arab men. “In Iran, there have been a handful of execution-style murders and hundreds of instances of savage beatings targeting affected men. In Mexico –“

Bill turned the television off. Watching it any longer would only serve to anger him; how could anyone resort to murder, just because a person had been affected by some madman’s plot? Or beatings?

*Anger does strange things to people,* he thought.

## Chapter Six

“We have to talk about it,” Mary said, staring across the table. “We can’t continue ignoring it, Billy.”

“Don’t call me that,” Bill said, refusing to meet her eye. “You know I hate it. And what’s the point in talking about it? I mean – seriously – I can’t change it, and –”

“What’s the point?” Mary echoed. “The point is that you’re obviously suppressing this. Look at yourself, Billy. You’re changing. We need to come up with some sort of plan or something.”

“I said not to call me that,” Bill stated. “And what’s the point of a plan? So I’m smaller? Big deal. It’s not going to change who I am.”

“It’s more than just size, Bill, and you know it,” Mary said. “And you’re not okay with it. I know you’re not. Why else would you be taking all of these sick days at work? You’re ashamed, and you don’t need to be. You can’t help it. And –”

Bill slammed his hand down on the table, saying, “I know I can’t help it! Look – there’s nothing that I can do except try to move on. And the fact that you keep wanting to talk about it isn’t helping. I just want to ignore it, and –”

“You can’t just ignore this, Bill!” Mary said, her voice rising. “Pretending like you can is just stupid, and you know it.”

“I’m not pretending,” Bill insisted.

“Then why haven’t you touched me in weeks?” Mary asked. “Before all of this, you couldn’t keep your hands off of me. But now? It’s like you’re afraid I’m going to see what you’ve become. You won’t even change in front of me, for God’s sake. Look - I know you’re embarrassed about this whole thing. I can hear it in your voice. I can see it. But if you just let me in, we can get through this together. We can –”

“So you want to have sex, huh?” Bill said, rising from the table. “Is that it? Well – let’s do it, then. Let’s –”

As Bill began to unbutton his shirt, Mary said, “That’s not what I mean, Billy. And –”

“No – let’s do it,” Bill said, letting the shirt slip from his narrow shoulders, revealing his thin chest. He began to unfasten his belt, which nearly wrapped around his waist twice. He’d punched a few extra holes in the thick leather so that he could make it fit. “You want this, right? Or am I not man enough for you?”

“Fine, Bill,” Mary said, knowing that he’d trapped her. “Let’s do it, okay? But this doesn’t change anything, and you know it. At some point, we’re going to have to talk about it all.”

“Whatever,” Bill said, letting his pants fall down to his ankles. He stepped out of them, leaving him clad in only a baggy pair of briefs.

Mary stepped around the table, and took her husband's hand – it was nearly as small as hers. “C'mon,” she said, leading him down the hall, and into the bedroom, where she pushed him onto the bed. The mattress squeaked as he bounced.

She climbed atop him, kissing him passionately, her tongue invading his mouth as she initiated the kiss. They kissed for a few moments before Mary broke away, leaving Bill breathless. He quivered as Mary trailed small kisses down his neck, to his chest, where she went straight for his erect nipples, her rough tongue flicking across them.

Bill moaned as Mary continued her ministrations, sucking and licking the newfound erogenous zone. Bill shivered in ecstasy. He'd never felt anything like it before. It went on like that until Bill was nearly ready to burst with anticipation. His skin felt so sensitive; her every kiss lit him up like a Christmas tree.

She worked her way down his smooth torso, down his rounded belly. Before long, she was on her knees, and Bill had slid to the edge of the bed, his rear hanging off. She reached up, hooking her fingers under the waistband of his briefs, and pulled them down his smooth legs. Once he was completely exposed, Mary pushed his knees apart, spreading his legs.

Before he knew it, she'd taken his entire cock and balls into her mouth all at once. Bill felt his entire body quiver as she sucked, her tongue playing across his penis.

If he'd been more aware – or less turned on – he might have noted that his once-proud, seven-inch cock had shrunk to a two-and-a-half inch shadow of its former self. Even hard, it was positively tiny, and his golf ball-sized testicles were now slightly bigger than grapes. But in that moment, with Mary between his legs, he simply didn't care.

Mary came up for air, and Bill lay back on the bed, spreading his legs wider. Instinctively, he knew that would give her a better angle. She went down on him again, her tongue flicking across his small penis, sending jolts of electric pleasure up and down his spine.

She pulled back, breathing, “I want you inside of me.”

Mary climbed onto the bed, spreading her legs, as Bill positioned himself atop her. Anticipation mounted until he realized the problem.

“I-I can't...” he said, clutching his tiny cock between his thumb and forefinger. It simply wasn't big enough. “I j-just can't...”

Realizing Bill's difficulty, Mary said, “It's okay, baby. We can do it another way...”

Bill let himself be guided as Mary said, “Here. Spread your legs, and come in like that. Yeah – you're doing great, baby. Now just put it in.”

If Bill hadn't been so caught up in the act itself, he would have realized that they'd come together like two women rubbing their pussies together. He rocked back

and forth, his small penis barely even inside of her. Mary reached down, rubbing her clit, and moaned.

Before long, they both came, and once the echoes of their orgasms had faded, they both collapsed into one another's arms, aglow and satisfied.

After a few minutes, Bill said, "I think I'm going to be okay."

"What?" asked Mary, surprised.

"With all this, I mean," he answered. "I mean, I didn't want this. And I still hope they find a cure. But dwelling on it isn't going to change anything, right? None of us can do anything about it, so there's nothing for it but to adapt."

Mary smiled. "Like we just adapted?"

Bill felt his cheeks redden. "I-I guess."

"Do you want to adapt some more?" Mary asked, leaning over her husband, and kissing him.

## **Chapter Seven**

“Doctors are working around the clock,” the news anchor said. “But they have yet to find a workable solution. Still, they are optimistic that they are on the right track. In other news...”

The changing face of the world had actually become a bit of a footnote, and with the news cycle having run its course, had been relegated to the back burner. For Bill, though, it was almost always in the front of his mind. He simply couldn't ignore it, though it wasn't for lack of effort.

He tried to continue to live his life as normal, but he was constantly reminded of his ever-changing body.

However, he had become quite used to their new style of lovemaking. Sometimes, he and Mary would simply use their mouths on one another, and he became quite adept at licking her to orgasm. And though he missed taking his wife from behind, or even having her riding atop him, Bill had come to truly enjoy the scissor-position they had been forced to adopt.

But he couldn't ignore the fact that he was in the process of undergoing even more changes – most prevalent of them, that he'd begun to shrink. Like everything else, the change had been gradual, and he didn't really notice it until one morning, when he realized that his pants were a full three inches too long. Deciding to measure his height, he quickly found a pencil, marked his height on a door frame, and set to it with a tape measure.

Five foot eight – he'd lost over three inches in height. He'd known it was coming, but the fact that he had expected it did little to mitigate the shock of the loss. Still – he had long since vowed to not let the changes affect him. To do otherwise would mean that Bell had won.

And so, he rolled up the cuffs of his pants, and went to work. After the short commute, Bill parked, and hurried across the parking garage to the elevator, which was rapidly closing. He reached it just in time, jutting his hand between the doors, stopping it. Out of breath, he stepped into the elevator, and was quickly assaulted by a familiar scent.

Bill didn't know if it was the man's aftershave or a natural odor, but he couldn't get the damn smell out of his nose. It belonged to one of the junior managers – a man by the name of Carl – who Bill had found it increasingly difficult to ignore. At six feet, two inches and athletically built, Bill couldn't help but find the man at least slightly imposing – especially considering the now-drastic height difference. But that wasn't why he found the man so unnerving. No – that came down to a simple smile.

“Good morning,” he said, casting that infuriating grin toward Bill.

Bill nodded. “Morning,” he said, trying to ignore what that smile meant. It wasn’t the kind of smile one gave to a colleague or friend. It wasn’t even the kind that a man would give to a woman. No – it said, quite clearly to Bill at least, that this man was his superior. Bill couldn’t help but smile in return, looking down demurely.

*What the fuck is wrong with me? He’s a junior manager. I’m his superior. So why do I feel so...so...submissive?*

But he knew why, even if he couldn’t admit it – not even to himself.

When they reached the third floor, the man exited the elevator, and Bill let out a breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding. His heart was pounding, and he could clearly feel that his nipples were erect.

For the rest of his day, Bill couldn’t get the incident out of his mind.

## Chapter Eight

“I’ve been thinking about something,” Mary said over dinner a few weeks later. Bill looked up from the meal he’d been picking through. “You know how lately, we’ve been a bit...um...feminine in bed?”

“I don’t know if that’s how I’d categorize it,” Bill said. “But yeah. I know what you mean.”

“Well – I’ve been doing a little research into the changes you’re going through,” Mary said. “You know it goes at a different pace for everyone.” Bill shrugged.

“Anyway, some of the guys who are a little farther along than you have –”

“Farther along?” Bill asked. “Who’s to say that this isn’t as far as it’s going to go?”

He’d lost a little more weight, and the changes in his body’s shape had become still more pronounced. On top of that, he’d lost a couple more inches in height.

“I hope that’s the case,” Mary responded without skipping a beat. She’d grown accustomed to Bill’s denial, and skated right over it. “But some of the other guys who have – you know – experience with your situation...well, they’ve got a lot of...um... advice.”

“Just spit it out, Mary,” Bill said.

“I’ll just go get it, and...well...if you’re not comfortable with it, we won’t talk about it again, okay?” Mary said, standing. Before Bill could answer, she’d disappeared from the dining room, and down the hall. A couple of minutes later, she returned, completely naked.

Mary had pert, B-Cup breasts, and a slim, athletic body. Looking at her, if he was completely honest, he had more prominent curves than she did. Still, Bill barely noticed her body, instead focusing on what was between her legs. One glance, and he knew what she wanted.

“Look – I know we’ve been doing things a little differently than before, but... this is...I d-don’t know...” Bill stammered, staring at the dildo strapped to the harness she wore.

“You’ve had to think about it, right?” Mary said. “I mean, we’ve already done fingers and –”

“There’s a big difference between fingers and t-that,” Bill said, but his heart wasn’t really in it. The truth was that he was extremely curious how it might feel.

“But last night you said that was the best orgasm you’ve ever had, and I never even touched your dick,” Mary said, echoing Bill’s own thoughts. “I mean, it won’t hurt to just touch it right?” She stepped closer, and the flesh-colored phallus stared him in

the face. Aside from being monochrome, it was very realistic-looking, complete with a pair of fake testicles at its base.

“Just once, okay?” Mary asked. “For me.”

He reached out, feeling its latex tip.

“Grab it with your whole hand, silly,” Mary said, taking his hand in hers. It was a strange time to notice, but her hand was actually bigger than his. She guided his fingers around the dildo.

“Now lick it,” she commanded. Bill responded without question, extending his tongue to the underside of the head. It was a brief lick, but it left his mouth with a rubbery taste. “Now put it in your mouth,” Mary said.

When Bill hesitated, she argued, “Oh – come on. It’s only rubber. It’s not a REAL dick. And I’ve sucked yours hundreds of times.”

Unable to meet her argument head on, Bill opened his mouth, and engulfed the fake cock. Before long, he found himself inexpertly bobbing his head up and down, trying to imitate his wife’s own technique. While he sucked, he couldn’t help but wonder if giving a real blowjob would be more enjoyable than sucking on a rubber cock.

*It would probably taste better,* he thought.

After a few minutes – or maybe it was seconds; Bill had a hard time judging time as he sucked his wife’s fake penis – Mary hooked her hand under his chin. Bill stopped sucking long enough to look up, and into her eyes.

“I’m going to fuck you so hard,” she whispered. “Take off your clothes.”

Still on his knees, Bill unbuttoned his shirt, revealing his rock-hard nipples. They stuck out more than a quarter of an inch. Mary reached down, and flicked one. “Someone’s excited,” she said.

Bill smiled shyly, as he let the shirt slip from his shoulders. Then came his trousers. When he unbuckled his belt, they practically fell down his thighs. He stood, the pants collecting at his ankles. Mary laughed as he tried to awkwardly kick off his shoes, breaking the tension. After a few seconds, he had them off, and had stepped out of his trousers.

Mary stroked her dildo as she stared at her husband, who was clad only in his ill-fitting briefs. Butterflies danced in his stomach as he slipped the briefs down his smooth, shapely thighs, revealing his tiny, erect penis.

She produced a bottle of K-Y jelly, and rubbed her cock down. Bill swallowed hard.

*Am I really going to do this?*

Sensing his nervousness, Mary said, “Don’t worry. I’ll be gentle.”

She stepped closer, kissing him roughly as she grabbed his ass. The cold dildo pressed against his stomach, a reminder of what was coming. Releasing him, Mary turned him around. She picked up one of his legs, putting the knee on the table. Bill had to stand on his tip-toes to get into position.

He was spread wide as he bent over the table, letting his torso rest on the cool surface. Mary playfully slapped his round ass, and Bill felt it jiggle.

Bill jerked as he felt the dildo touch his anus, and Mary put her hand on his back reassuringly. "It's okay, baby," she said. "I'm not going to hurt you."

Bill couldn't bring himself to respond, instead closing his eyes.

She pushed, and the tip nestled at his anal ring. "Relax," she said. Bill did his best to comply, but he wasn't altogether successful. He felt the tip push in, and he moaned in pain. Mary applied more pressure, and it slipped further in. Bill gritted his teeth.

Mary went slowly, but after only a few moments, Bill could feel the warmth of her pelvis against his ass. With the entire length of the dildo inside of him, Bill was surprised that it hadn't hurt more. Sure – there was pain, but it wasn't overwhelming. He was sure that it would soon fade.

Strangely, though, he felt a sense of accomplishment. He'd taken it all.

And then Mary started pulling out. And then back in. And out again. In and out, Mary rhythmically went. Bill let out his first high-pitched moan of pleasure on the third thrust. The pain had faded into the background by the fifth. And soon, he was pushing back against Mary, screaming as she went faster and faster.

"Harder! Harder!" he yelled as Mary panted behind him. "Fuck – yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" The words came out in rhythm with Mary's thrusts. It wasn't long before his screams devolved into wordless moans, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

After only a few minutes, Bill came. His whole body convulsed as it felt like small jolts of electric pleasure radiated from his anus, and spread throughout his entire body. His cock tensed, and he shot watery semen onto the table. Mary continued fucking him, grabbing his wide hips, and thrusting as violently as she could manage. Bill came twice before Mary had tired herself out, and collapsed atop his back.

Mary lay on top of him, with Bill still bent over the table. The dildo was still inside of him as they both lay there, breathless and exhausted. Every now and again, Bill wiggled his ass, just to get a little more sensation from the dildo as the echoes of his multiple orgasms arced through him.

"How was it?" Mary asked, a chuckle in her voice.

Bill couldn't help but laugh with her as he said, "It was okay, I guess."

## Chapter Nine

From that night forward, Mary's and Bill's relationship changed irrevocably, and not just in the bedroom – though that was a big part of it. They rarely had sex in the conventional sense, and Mary almost never touched Bill's cock at all – except as foreplay. No – in his mind, sex was Mary fucking him with the strap-on.

A man simply can't play the submissive role in the bedroom without it affecting his demeanor. And Bill was no exception. He became far more apt to let others make his decisions, and he deferred, almost to a fault, to others' judgment, even at work. He was especially submissive to the unaffected black men. More than once, he found himself fantasizing about what it might be like to be fucked by a real man.

He was acutely aware of their presence, and increasingly more often, he became flustered when they were around. He started flubbing presentations and turning in poorly constructed, inaccurate reports. All in all, his work performance had never been poorer, which was why, when his boss, Phillip Smith, asked to see him, it was with extreme trepidation that he crossed the floor to the man's office.

Still, there was room in his mind for a stray thought; he couldn't help but notice that his hips had a bit of a sway when he walked. In spite of himself, he smiled, thinking that it must be all the attention he'd been receiving from his wife's dildo.

Bill knocked on Phillip's door.

"Come in," was the answer. Bill opened the door, and walked in.

"Have a seat, Billy," Phillip said, gesturing to one of the chairs across his massive desk. Bill didn't correct him; the man could call him whatever he wanted. He was, after all, the boss. He was more imposing than Billy remembered. At well over six feet tall, it was easy to imagine that he'd once been an athlete.

Billy sat down, keeping his knees together. As he stared across the desk, he placed his hands in his lap, keeping his shoulders back.

"I think you know why you're here," Smith began. Billy started to answer that he didn't know what the man was talking about, but Phillip talked over him. "Your job performance over the past three or four months has been terrible. It's clear that you haven't been focusing on your job at all. And look – I know you've been going through a lot. All of you have. But that's not an excuse. This is a business, after all."

"But Mr. Smith," Billy began, but was interrupted.

"And that's not even taking into account your appearance," the man said.

"I can't help that –"

Again, Billy was interrupted. "I'm not talking about the – ah – physical changes," Smith said. "You can't help that. I'm talking about your attire. Look at yourself, man – you look like you're wearing someone else's clothes."

Billy wanted to argue, but knew that he hadn't a leg to stand on. He'd been waiting until the changes leveled off before he got new clothes; with his body changing so much, it would have been silly to buy a whole new wardrobe.

"What sort of impression do you think it gives clients when they see someone like you?" asked Smith. Without waiting for an answer, he said, "It just looks sloppy. There's no other word for it."

"I'll get new clothes," Billy said. "And I promise, I'll do —"

"The company is letting you go, Billy," Smith said, interrupting yet again. "In fact, we're completely restructuring. Letting go of some people who can't quite pull their weight anymore."

Billy knew what that meant. He wasn't alone in his distracted work performance. Among affected men, it had become a bit of a running joke, in fact.

"I..." Billy began, but didn't know what to say. He couldn't bring himself to fight for his own job. If Mr. Smith thought he wasn't fit for it, then he probably wasn't. "Y-yes, sir."

"No argument?" Phillip asked, slightly surprised. Then he smiled — that infuriatingly superior smile that had become so commonly directed at him — and said, "It's not all bad news, though. You're getting a generous severance package. And if you find yourself in need of a job down the road, and we've got a position available — obviously not this job...something more your speed — don't hesitate to call me."

"Y-yes, sir," Billy answered, remaining seated. He stared at the floor, wondering how he was going to tell Mary. Would she be angry?

"You may go," Mr. Smith said dismissively.

"Oh," Billy said, coming back to himself. Rising, he began to leave the office. Before he left, he said, "M-mr. Smith?"

"Yes, Billy?" the man responded.

"T-thank you for the...um...opportunity," Billy said. Smith simply smiled, and Billy closed the door behind him.

*Was he just staring at my ass?* he wondered.

## Chapter Ten

“Almost every white man in the company was fired or demoted,” said Gary, Billy’s former coworker. “I’m telling you, Bill – it’s discrimination. I think you ought to join the class-action lawsuit with us.”

Billy rankled slightly at the use of his old name. “Billy” just seemed so much more appropriate. Still – he didn’t say anything about it as he sat across from Gary.

“They had cause, though,” Billy replied, taking a sip from his coffee. Gary had invited him to the café, ostensibly to catch up, but as soon as Billy had sat down, he’d started going on about legal actions. “You know as well as I do that, in almost every case, performance took a huge dip. You saw it, same as I did. It’s a wonder it took them as long as it did to take action.”

“My fucking work didn’t change,” Gary said. Billy, of course, knew it was a lie. As Gary had gone through the changes – which mirrored Billy’s own – he’d taken more sick days than nearly anyone else in the company. When he was there, sure, his work hadn’t suffered. But he was so rarely there that it didn’t matter.

“Besides, I’m not giving up my severance package for some wild goose chase,” Billy said. “That’s just throwing away money.”

“You sound like one of them,” Gary said. “That’s what they want, you know. That’s why they gave us those ‘generous’ severance packages in the first place. They know they’re wrong, and they’re afraid we’re going to sue.”

“That didn’t keep you from taking it, did it?” Billy stated.

Gary didn’t answer the accusation. To be fair, he’d had it far worse than Billy. He’d been the company’s chief financial officer; losing that sort of job had to hurt all the more.

“Look, Gary,” Billy said. “I appreciate what you’re doing. And I get it. It feels wrong, being fired en masse like that. But you had to know it was coming, right?”

Gary shrugged. “I heard rumors, but I didn’t think it would actually happen. Can you imagine if it were the other way? What if the company had fired all the black men? The ACLU would shut that place down in a heartbeat.”

“That’s different, and you know it,” Billy said.

Gary put his head in his hands. “This is like a bad nightmare,” he muttered. He looked up, continuing, “I mean – a year ago, would you have thought this was possible? The company firing all of us, and filling all of the positions with...with...”

“Women and black men, I heard,” Billy supplied. “They’re hiring them straight out of college.”

“As if they can do the job without any experience,” Gary said. “Whatever happened to all of those diversity requirements we used to have? Doesn’t it work both

ways?”

“There are plenty of other races working there, still,” Billy said. “Just not very many white men.”

“You know what I read the other day?” Gary said, changing the subject. “There are some people who think that Bell’s virus or whatever didn’t just do what he said it would. They think it affected our minds. One scientist even said that it made us more submissive. More docile. And some even think that we’re inherently less intelligent now – something about a catastrophic change in brain chemistry.”

“That’s just silly,” Billy said. “What kind of idiot believes that kind of crap?”

“Don’t you see what it is?” Gary asked. When Billy didn’t respond, he continued, “It’s propaganda. They’re trying to marginalize us. Did you hear that half of Congress has resigned? Some people say they were forced out. Can you wrap your head around what all of that means?”

Billy saw the craziness dancing in his former coworker’s eyes, but still, he couldn’t resist asking, “What?”

“It’s a systematic takeover,” Gary said, his voice rising. As if suddenly realizing he was in a public place, he whispered. “This is what Bell wanted. I don’t know if he’s behind it, or if it’s just opportunism, but mark my words – it won’t be long before –”

“Gary,” Billy said, interrupting. “You need to get some help. Maybe a psychiatrist or something. I don’t know. And I’m not saying you’re wrong. But this isn’t healthy. You can’t –”

“They’ve already gotten to you,” Gary said, standing suddenly. The table shook. “I knew the moment you sat down. You’re already one of them. Tell you what – when you finally wake the fuck up, give me a call.”

And with that, he was gone.

## Chapter Eleven

“I think it’s finished,” he said. “The changes, I mean.”

He was naked, staring at his reflection in their full-length mirror. Mary was unfastening the strap-on dildo’s harness, and said, “You think?”

It had been almost thirteen months since the fateful day when Bell had released his letter to the public; it was difficult to believe that he could have changed so dramatically in such a seemingly short amount of time.

He’d been obsessively measuring himself for the past few months, and his height had seemed to level off at five feet, two inches. He weighed a mere one-hundred and eight pounds, and had a shape most women would kill for. His face had rounded out, his eyes were bigger, and more expressive, and his nose had changed just enough to be called cute. More, he didn’t have a single stitch of hair below his eyelashes – not even around his shrunken (yet still curiously functional) genitals.

He turned, examining himself further. His hips were wide, and his rear end was round. In short, he looked like a woman, but with a small penis and lacking breasts. He even looked younger than his thirty-one years.

*I could probably pass for a teenager, he thought. Early twenties at worst.*

“I think so,” he answered.

*So what now? Is this the extent of Bell’s plan?*

Inevitably, his mind wandered back to Gary’s claims. Could Bell have more, less immediately noticeable changes in store?

“Did you hear about that singer, Brad Angle?” Mary asked, interrupting Bobby’s cryptic thoughts. He looked up, seeing Mary pull her panties on. She’d put the strap-on and harness into her drawer, out of sight.

“Who?” Billy asked. The name sounded familiar, but he couldn’t place it.

“The country singer,” Mary said. “You know – he was on that singing show. Came in second in the sexiest man alive thing that People magazine does. You’ve seen him before. You know – Brad Angle.”

“I think I know who you’re talking about,” Billy replied. “Young guy? Looks like he belongs on the cover of Tiger Beat or something?”

“Yeah,” Mary said. “That’s him.”

“What about him?” asked Billy. “Did he have a breakdown or something?”  
*Celebrities were always doing that, he thought.*

“Not exactly,” Mary said, giggling. “But apparently, someone released a sex tape with him in it.”

“And?” asked Billy. What did he care about some celebrity sex tape? “So what? Why should I care?”

“Well – it wasn’t with a girl,” Mary said.

“Really? I didn’t know he was gay,” Billy replied.

“That’s just it – he’s not,” Mary said.

“But you just said –”

“Or he wasn’t,” Mary explained. “Not before the Great Change, I mean.”

“Great Change?” Billy asked. “Is that what they’re calling it now? Seems a little...ah...silly, doesn’t it?”

Mary shrugged. “That’s what all the news outlets are calling it. Anyway,” she continued. “In the video, Brad is having some very enthusiastic sex with some rapper he was collaborating with. I didn’t see it because they were forced to take it down, but apparently, he was...um...really enjoying it.”

“So?” Billy asked, but he knew what Mary was getting at. His own sex life being what it was, it wasn’t very difficult to imagine that some white men would go a different route – especially looking the way they now did.

## Chapter Twelve

A few weeks later, Billy was sitting on the couch, watching an old action movie when Mary came in, clutching a bag. She quickly crossed the apartment, bent down, and kissed him.

“Hey baby,” she said. “I got something for us.”

“Oh yeah?” Billy asked. “What’s up?”

“Now don’t get mad, but lately, I’ve been feeling a little frustrated,” she said. “I used to love feeling you inside me, and –”

“I think –” Billy began, but was quickly interrupted.

He fell silent as Mary continued, “No – let me finish. I’ve been frustrated because, well – I love a good, solid fucking. I know that you, of all people, understand that much.” Mary smiled.

*Oh God – here it is. She’s going to leave me. I’m not man enough for her, and...*

He’d been dreading it for a while, though he’d hidden it pretty well. But with the way their relationship had evolved, he knew it was only a matter of time before she needed someone more masculine. He’d only hoped that the scientists would find a cure before that time came.

Sensing his panic, Mary said, “Oh – no, baby. Don’t get all worked up. I’m not...this isn’t about your...um...situation. This is a good thing – for both of us. I found a way we can do it, and we can both get what we need.”

What they needed...

Without further ado, she pulled a box from the bag, and ripped it open. Inside was a fleshy, double-ended dildo.

Billy grinned broadly. He could feel his ass getting wet already.

*Bell didn’t predict that, did he?* Billy thought. His rectum had begun to produce its own lubricant, and when he got particularly horny (like now) it went into overdrive. He was positively slippery down there.

He practically ripped his clothes off, he was so excited.

Soon, they found themselves in the bedroom. Both were naked, and Billy had his legs wrapped around Mary as they kissed passionately, their tongues intertwining. Mary pulled away, and said, “You are so beautiful.”

Billy almost cried. If he hadn’t been so damned horny, he probably would have.

They shifted, and Billy went down on his wife, eagerly licking her pussy. After a couple of minutes of furious lapping, she pulled Billy’s head up, saying, “Okay – get on all fours.”

Billy knew that position well, and quickly obliged. He was rewarded a second later when he felt the thick dildo pushing into his ass. Mary had him reach back, and hold it in place while she positioned herself.

He felt a slight push as Mary took the dildo into her pussy, and he heard her gasp with pleasure. Billy knew that it was the first time she'd been penetrated in nearly a month.

Billy pushed back as Mary did the same, the dildo disappearing into his ass and her pussy until their asses touched. They sat there for a long moment before, in unison, they began to pull out. And back together. And out again. Over and over again, their asses slamming together, they went, until each had cum multiple times.

And then, they switched positions. Mary lay on her back, spreading her legs wide, the dildo sprouting from her vagina, while Billy sat on it in a reverse cowgirl position. Time slipped away as they lost themselves in passion, each experiencing multiple orgasms.

## Chapter Thirteen

“We need to talk,” Mary said.

Having never heard that sentence before a good conversation, Billy was understandably anxious as he turned, asking, “About what?”

He was sitting on the couch, reading an entertainment magazine, and had been particularly engrossed in an article depicting Brad Angle’s new style (which seemed a lot like any number of female pop stars’). Mary had been making herself a cup of tea, which she brought into the living room. Sitting down, she said, “I think you should think about how you’re dressed.”

“What’s wrong with it?” Billy asked, already knowing the answer. He wore a pair of Mary’s old sweatpants, and a much-too-large tee-shirt from his Alma matter, UCLA. The sweatpants were stained with flecks of paint, and had more than a couple of holes in them while the tee-shirt hung on him like a dress.

“For one, none of your clothes fit anymore, and you know it,” she replied.

“But it’s not like I’m going anywhere or anything,” Billy said. “I don’t see why I’d –”

“Get up, and let’s see if we can find you something that fits properly, okay? Or as close as we can get,” she commanded. Her tone left little doubt that she expected to be obeyed. Billy had no interest in trying his luck. She was, after all, bigger and much stronger than him now.

“Fine,” he said, getting up with a huff. He knew he’d have to get some new clothes eventually, but he had every intention of putting it off for as long as he could.

Mary led him to the bedroom, and instructed him to undress. He obeyed without question. As he stood naked in front of her closet, he pouted, “Your clothes aren’t going to fit me either, you know.”

His wife didn’t answer. Instead, she flicked through the hangers until she found a pair of blue jeans. After throwing them onto the bed, she chose a light purple tee-shirt, and tossed it on top of the jeans.

Finally, she crossed the room to the chest of drawers they shared, and rummaged in her underwear drawer. After a few seconds, she selected a pair of cotton panties, and put them on the bed as well. Turning, she put her hands on her hips, and said, “Well – what are you waiting for? Get dressed.”

Billy meekly picked up the panties. They were low-cut, white bikinis, and had a pink heart decorating the crotch. Within the heart was the word “love” in cursive script.

He put one trembling leg through, and then the other. Pulling them up his thighs, he settled them into place. They were quite tight in the rear, but otherwise fit okay. His

small penis made the smallest of bulges right where the heart was. Billy blushed, but Mary said, “Those look so cute!”

Emboldened by the compliment, Billy grabbed the tee-shirt. It had short, capped sleeves, and what looked like a lipstick kiss emblazoned on its front. He hurriedly slipped it on. It was a little big; he knew it was supposed to barely meet his waist, but on his petite frame, it fell a little further than it ought to. Still – it fit much better than the old UCLA shirt.

Finally, he picked up the jeans, examining them briefly. They were boot cut, with frayed edges. He stepped into them, and started pulling them up. Soon, though, he realized they were quite tight in his hips and thighs. His panties bunched uncomfortably, but after a few seconds of adjustment, he got the jeans in place.

“Guess we’re going to have to get you some thongs,” Mary said, chuckling. She stopped as soon as she saw Billy’s glare.

The jeans were a bit loose in the waist, tighter than they should be in the hips, thighs, and rear end, and were a few inches too long. It wasn’t unexpected; he and Mary had quite different figures, after all.

“Very cute,” Mary said. “Not perfect, obviously, but much better, right?”

Billy looked in the mirror, and had to agree.

She handed him a pair of white and pink tennis shoes, saying, “They’re going to be a little big, I think. But they’ll work until we can get you something better.”

Billy slid his feet into the shoes, and realized that his wife was right. Still, they weren’t too uncomfortable.

“Now,” she said. “We need to do something about that hair, and then we can go.”

“Go?” Billy asked, feeling a familiar panic rising. “Go where?”

In the three months since he’d lost his job, he’d rarely left the house. And when he did, it wasn’t for long.

“I’m tired of sitting around this apartment,” she said.

“You go out almost every day,” was Billy’s retort.

“You know what I mean,” Mary replied. “I want to go out. I want to do something, okay? And I want to do it with you.”

“Fine,” Billy said. “We could go to a movie or something. Maybe get some lunch.”

Mary smiled. “Now – about that hair...”

“I’ll just run a comb through it,” Billy said, absently running his fingers through his unkempt locks. He hadn’t had it cut in nearly two months – a result of his fear of going out, no doubt.

“Are you sure?” Mary asked. “Now that it’s longer, we can do so much with it. I can help you –”

“No,” Billy said with finality. “It’s fine. Just give me, like, five minutes, and we can go, okay?”



## **Chapter Fourteen**

Billy knew he was quite pretty. Maybe he hadn't really acknowledged it, but as he walked through mall, he couldn't help but compare himself to the other girls and boys. Even without make up or doing his hair, he was far prettier than most girls. The stares he got from the real men confirmed that realization.

As he and Mary traversed the mall, he was inundated by pictures of scantily clad white boys (or "bois," as the signs called them) all made up, and in very feminine clothing. Even Victoria's Secret seemed to be getting in on the action, catering to the new demographic by selling boi's lingerie. Billy even saw some sexy little bras which he guessed were to keep the bois' nipples from poking through thin shirts.

*How could I be so blind? I knew things were changing, but...*

Everywhere he looked, there was evidence of a vast cultural shift. The biggest shock, though, was the number of bois he saw in skirts. Short or long, at least half the bois were wearing them. Billy even saw some teenaged bois in cheerleader outfits.

He'd purposefully kept himself from seeing the effects of the changes, sequestering himself in their apartment, and abstaining from most television. He'd barely even gone on the internet. But as he walked through the mall, he simply couldn't avoid reality. The white man, it seemed, had become a relic of the past, replaced by the feminine boi.

Their outing quickly turned into an impromptu shopping trip, and in Victoria's Secret, Mary bought him a bunch of panties (thongs, french cut, boi shorts, etc.), stockings, garter belts, and even a couple of boi's bras. Then, they went to a couple of boutique clothing stores, and Mary had him try on all manner of shorts (usually very short), some blue jeans, a wide variety of tops ranging from tank tops with spaghetti straps to blouses that buttoned from the wrong side. Most were form fitting, and Billy's (seemingly permanently) erect nipples were clearly visible through the vast majority.

About halfway through the shopping spree, nature called, and Billy wandered off to find a bathroom while Mary waited in a checkout line. He was hit with quite a surprise when he saw that there were three bathrooms – one for women, one for men, and one for bois. Without hesitation, Billy pushed through the doorway to the bois' bathroom.

As he entered the bathroom, he saw a couple of bois applying makeup. He couldn't quite place their ages, but he thought that they must be eighteen or nineteen. One wore a criminally short skirt while the other sported artfully ripped jeans that looked like they had been painted on.

There were no urinals, so Billy stepped into a stall. He hadn't been terribly comfortable standing to pee for quite a while anyway, so he pulled down his jeans and

panties, and sat.

“Leroy asked me out, you know,” Billy heard one of the bois chirp. He had an extremely high-pitched voice – much higher than most women possessed.

“And?” the other boi asked, in a more normal register that resembled Billy’s own.

“Well,” the boi said. “He’s really hot, with all those muscles. And I bet he fucks like a lion.” Billy heard a slightly suppressed giggle.

“See?” the other boi said. “I told you that if you dressed like that, you’d get some cock. They don’t care if you’re a boi or a girl. We’re basically the same now.” There was a pause before he continued, “Unless he’s a tit man.”

“I don’t know,” was the second boi’s answer. “I used to be all about chicks, you know. Now...everything’s so different. I’m just...well...I mean, it feels so good when they take you in their strong arms, and spread your legs...” He trailed off.

“You don’t have to tell me,” the first boi said. Billy could hear the smile in his voice. “It’s the same for all of us. But just keep sending those signals, boi, and he’ll come around. They always...”

The voices faded away as the two man-crazy bois left the restroom.

Billy finished his business, and wiped himself. He was in a bit of a daze as he pulled his panties and jeans back up. He was still a little out of it when he found Mary looking at some cute sundresses.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

“Nothing,” was Billy’s answer. How could he tell her what he’d just heard?

As they finished their shopping, Billy was distracted by the memory of the conversation between the two bois. More, he couldn’t help but notice that quite a few men had bois on their arms. They were obviously couples.

“So – do you want to see a movie?” Mary asked, bringing him back to the moment.

“Sure,” Billy answered, still distracted.

“Which one?” she asked.

“I don’t really care,” Billy said. “Whichever one you want. You can pick it out.”

Mary went to the ticket booth, while Billy waited near the ticket taker. After buying the tickets, Mary joined him. “Do you want anything from the concession stand? Popcorn?” she asked.

Billy shook his head. “Not really,” he said before being led to the theater.

For Billy, the film was quite illuminating. It was a new romantic comedy starring a young, black leading man named Darius Strong and a cute, twenty-something boi named Carson Case. There was even a love scene. Billy quite enjoyed it for what it was – a silly story about finding oneself framed as a comedy – but more, it shed even more light on how much the world had changed.

## **Chapter Fifteen**

A couple of weeks later, Mary had convinced Billy to try on some makeup. They didn't go heavy; she knew that wasn't his style. Besides, it wasn't like he needed it. They used just enough to enhance what Billy already had. The result, though, was quite astonishing.

"Y-you're gorgeous," Mary said. "I mean...really beautiful."

Billy blushed, looking into the vanity mirror. "You're just saying that," he said with false modesty. He knew it was true.

Wearing a pair of thong panties and a midriff-baring tank top, he knew he was quite a bit sexier than his wife, which was a stunning realization. He looked up, and saw lust in Mary's eyes.

"Want to try something wild?" Mary asked.

Billy replied, "You know me. I'm always up for some excitement."

Mary lit up. "Okay – I'll be right back, baby."

Billy stood, barely able to contain his excitement. He thought his nipples might actually poke through his shirt, and his little dick was rock hard (though its two inches made only the smallest impression in his panties). When Mary came into the bathroom carrying the strap-on, Billy was out of his panties and bent over the counter in about two seconds. His ass was already wet.

"No, baby," she said. "We're doing something else."

Billy couldn't help but feel a little disappointed as he straightened up. Mary knelt beside him, and started strapping the harness onto Billy. He was a little confused, but let her continue.

"This is a special one," she said. "There's even a place for your thing, so it's not uncomfortable."

As Mary adjusted the apparatus, he saw that there was, indeed, a small hole in which his dick fit comfortably. Once it was in place, Mary shifted, and began to suck on it. She was doing her best to look as sexy as possible, but to Billy, it just seemed ridiculous.

*What's the point in sucking a piece of rubber?*

Still, he owed it to his wife to at least appear enthusiastic, so he put his hand on her head, and began to move his hips.

After a few minutes, she popped the fake penis out of her mouth, and led him into the bedroom. Then, she got onto the bed, and positioned herself on all fours. Looking back at him, she said, "Take me, stud."

Billy climbed onto the bed behind her, and guided the rubber phallus into Mary's pussy, and started to work his hips back and forth. In and out. In and out. Mary

certainly seemed to enjoy it, but Billy could have fallen asleep. There was a slight sensation on his cock, but it wasn't nearly enough to elicit any real pleasure. As he mechanically fucked his wife, Billy couldn't help but feel a slight twinge of jealousy.

Finally – after what seemed like hours – Mary came. It couldn't have come soon enough for Billy.

“How was it, baby?” she asked.

For her sake, Billy faked it. “You were great, honey,” he said.

Mary must have seen through the lie, because she immediately followed with, “Do you want me to do you?”

Billy couldn't hide his enthusiasm as he nodded.

“Okay,” Mary said. “Give me the dick.”

After about an hour of getting roughly fucked by his wife, Billy was well and truly exhausted.

## **Chapter Sixteen**

Eighteen months after Dr. Bell had released his manifesto (and the chemical it described), Billy's life had changed drastically. He'd abandoned nearly every aspect of his old identity, favoring instead the new reality of being a white boi in America.

He now wore panties and boi's clothes exclusively, and he absolutely adored the attention he got when he and Mary went out. He'd even been practicing in high heels, and loved wearing skirts because they made him feel that anyone could take his ass at any time. It was all so deliciously naughty; he felt like he was in heat.

He'd become quite adept at doing his own makeup, and he'd started styling his hair. However, he, like many other bois, had decided to keep it relatively short. Maybe it was the last remaining remnant of his masculinity asserting itself. Or perhaps he just thought it was cute. Either way, it didn't matter. Even with short hair, no one would ever mistake him for a man.

Mary and he were walking through the mall (on one of their many shopping trips) when he suddenly stopped in front of a jewelry store.

"I think I want to get my ears pierced," he said. "And my belly-button, too. What do you think?"

"Aren't you a little old to get your belly-button pierced?" Mary asked, but she knew it was pointless. While he might have been thirty-two, he looked like he belonged in college.

Billy shrugged. "I think it'd be cute," was his only explanation.

Seeing how important it was to her husband, Mary said, "I do too," even though she thought it was sort of immature.

And so, a few hours later, they found themselves at a tattoo and piercing parlor. By the time they left, Billy was the proud owner of two new piercings in each ear, a navel piercing, and a tattoo at the small of his back that said, "Sexy Boi" in flowery script.

Billy had never felt sexier, though Mary couldn't help but look at his tattoo with disapproval. Later, they swung by Victoria's Secret, and bought matching black and white bustiers, thongs, garters, and stockings sets, which seemed to cheer her up, if only slightly.

Billy, for his part, was on cloud nine.

## **Chapter Seventeen**

“Let’s go out,” Mary said impulsively. It was a Friday night, and they were both restless.

“Huh?” Billy asked.

“I asked if you wanted to go out,” Mary repeated.

“Like a movie or something?” Billy said. “Or do you want to go shopping? I saw this really cute –”

“No – like, out – to a club or something,” Mary explained. “Yeah – let’s go dancing. We can dress really sexy. It’ll be really fun.”

“Dancing?” asked Billy. “Really?” In truth, he’d never been much of a dancer, even when he was younger. “I don’t know,” he said.

“C’mon,” Mary said, grabbing his arm. She pulled him to his feet, saying, “It’ll be fun. I promise, you’ll have a great time.”

“Fine,” Billy agreed. “But if I get bored, we leave, okay?”

“Of course,” Mary responded.

By the time they were ready, Mary was wearing a short, tight red dress while Billy had donned a similarly short, pink number that dipped so low in the front that it almost exposed his pierced navel. The click of their high heels followed them out the door.

When they arrived at the club – a trendy joint named Heat – the doorman, who was a beefy black man with a great bushy beard, didn’t hesitate to let them in. They didn’t even have to stand in line.

“That never would have happened before,” Billy said, giggling. Mary laughed with him.

The night started off as planned, and the two danced together exclusively. For his part, Billy was a natural. He moved like he’d been doing it his entire life. Soon, though, they began to attract the attention of some admirers. Neither Billy nor Mary missed a beat, and they broke off to dance with the interested men. Mary’s dance partner was a bald Latino with a neatly trimmed goatee. The man with Billy was a clean-shaven black man whose muscular form towered over him.

Billy moved his hips like a professional, grinding his ass against his partner’s crotch, and he was rewarded with an ever-hardening member rubbing against him. Billy lifted the hem of his already-short dress, exposing the bottom of his ass cheeks, and rubbed a little more. As he lost himself to the music (and, admittedly, to the attentions of the man), he felt his partner’s hands roaming all over his tight body. And he loved every last second.

Finally, the song ended, and the man whispered in his ear, “Let’s get out of here.”

Breathlessly, Billy replied, “O-okay, but we have to find my...ah...roommate. We can go to our place.”

After only a few moments, Billy found Mary dancing with another man.

*Not as handsome as mine!* he thought as he dragged her away.

“What?” Mary asked, annoyed. “We were just dancing, and you weren’t exactly –”

“We need to leave,” Billy said sheepishly.

“What?” Mary said. “We just got here.”

“I...I w-want to go home with someone,” Billy replied. “I mean...it’s not...what you think. I just...w-we can do it together, you know? That’s not cheating, right? Not if you’re there. Unless you don’t want to...”

“Is it that guy you were dry-humping over there?” Mary asked. Billy nodded, half expecting her to shoot him down. He assumed that it was what she wanted, that it was the whole reason she had wanted to go dancing in the first place, but there was a nagging doubt. “Fine. But he’d better have a big dick. I need a good fucking.”

Without thinking, Billy said, “Me too.” When he realized what he’d just said, he said, “I mean...not...God – I don’t mean –”

“It’s fine, baby,” she said. “I swear it is. Let’s go get your big friend over there, and then we can go have some fun, okay?”

## Chapter Eighteen

The guy's name was John, as it turned out, and he was some sort of athlete at one of the local colleges – a fact which he seemed to think should impress them. Billy tried to act like he was, but in reality, he didn't care one little bit about it. He was too focused on what was coming.

Mary occupied John on the cab ride home, making out with the big, black man, while Billy tried to square himself with what he was about to do. He knew it wasn't a big deal; it was what everyone expected from someone like him. And it was what he wanted. But attraction and primal, sexual need can only go so far, especially when it's matched against a lifetime of societal expectation.

*We can still back out,* he thought. *Mary will support me. I know she will. If I'm not ready for this...*

The way he framed his thoughts nagged at him for a moment until he realized that it wasn't the act he objected to, but rather the timing. He saw it as a forgone conclusion that it would happen eventually. He simply wasn't sure if he was ready *just yet*. It was a fine distinction, but an important one, and by the time they reached their apartment building, he'd steeled himself against any objections or hesitation. He was going to go through with it, no matter what.

As soon as they got into the apartment, Mary excused herself into the bathroom, leaving John and Billy in the living room. The big man sat down on their couch, waiting patiently. Without the mask of music, darkness, and the crowd, he felt horribly anxious and exposed.

*What the fuck am I doing? This isn't right. I'm not –*

To silence the doubting thoughts, Billy reached up, unclasped his dress, and let it fall to the ground. Clad only in his black, lace thong, his nipples stood perfectly erect. He stepped forward just as Mary emerged from the hall, dressed only in her strapless bra and matching panties.

John stood, and both Mary and Billy eagerly dropped to their knees in front of him. Billy reached out, unzipping the man's fly with one hand, while his other retrieved John's cock. It was a monster, for sure. Even only semi-hard, it was bigger than Billy's had ever been. The boi wrapped his dainty hand around its thick shaft, and Mary's tongue darted out, licking it.

Not to be outdone, Billy went straight for John's balls as the man's trousers fell to the floor. He licked them, tasting his perspiration. His tongue traveled all the way up the underside of John's cock until finally, he reached the head. He wrapped his lips around it, tasting its manliness.

*Oh God – it's so much better than Mary's rubber dick,* he thought.

He took it in as far as he could without gagging, and then pulled away, sucking as he went. He did that a few more times before the necessity for oxygen forced him to pull away, gasping for breath. Then Mary took over. It was clear that she was an old pro; she sucked John's Black cock for a few more minutes before Billy got another turn.

Both Mary and Billy looked up at John as they did their best to please him, alternating between sucking, playing with his heavy balls, and licking. It went on for a few more minutes before John pulled away.

Billy knew what that meant.

Both he and Mary got on all fours, waiting to be fucked by John's glorious dick. But who would get to go first?

Billy pushed his girlish ass high into the air; it practically begged to be fucked. A wave of triumph crashed in his mind as he felt John's hand on his ass, followed by his huge cock. He didn't hesitate. He didn't go slowly. And he certainly didn't ease it in. He just plunged that monster right into Billy's anus.

Billy gasped, "Oh God!"

And then John began fucking him in earnest. The man was like a power tool – a jackhammer who pulled Billy's hair as he fucked him. Billy screamed in ecstasy as John fucked him like the white boi he'd become. It was so much more real than Mary's strap-on. There was a raw power to it – a primal, visceral, masculine energy that no woman could hope to mimic, let alone match.

And then Billy felt Mary's mouth envelop his small, rock-hard cock. He knew that down there, Mary was getting slapped in the face by John's balls, but she didn't seem to care. Billy barely spared it a thought. He squeezed his rectal muscles as John thrust in and out of him, hoping to keep him as happy as possible.

Finally, after only a few minutes (which seemed like an eternity of pleasure) of furious fucking, John pulled out. A second later, Billy felt something warm hit the small of his back, directly on his tattoo.

"Bullseye," John said.

And then it was Mary's turn. John took his time with her, plunging that fabulous member deep into Mary's pussy – nice and slow. Billy tried to make himself useful, but the best he could manage was playing with his wife's nipples. It was like pouring a glass of water into an ocean, for all the good it did. With that monster thrusting in and out of her pussy, she barely even felt Billy's tongue.

After a while, John pulled out, saying, "Come here, bitch," to Billy.

Obediently, Billy crawled over to John's glistening cock.

"Finish me," the man said.

Billy didn't hesitate. He licked. He sucked. He worked his small hands up and down the shaft. And in the end, he was rewarded with a load of hot, sticky, and salty cum. He swallowed like a good boi.

The rest of the night devolved into a blur of sex, sweat, and semen. By morning, both Billy and Mary were exhausted. John had disappeared. And their

relationship had reached a completely new plateau.

Neither Billy nor Mary bothered dressing when they finally got up, preferring instead to remain naked. Billy was proud to note that his body was quite a bit better than his wife's.

“So,” Mary said after a few awkward moments. “Fun night, huh?”

Billy blushed, smiling sheepishly. “Yeah,” he said. “Yeah it was.”

Neither had anything else to say about it.

## **Chapter Nineteen**

A few months (and many such trysts) later, Congress passed a law which, for all intents and purposes, equalized bois and women. They would, for instance, occupy the same physical education classes in school, compete in the same sports, be able to marry men, and were subject to the same indecent exposure laws (meaning that they were required to keep their nipples covered).

Life began to settle down for many white bois. Their libidos abated slightly, and things started to wind down. However, marriages between women and bois were officially annulled to account for the unprecedented number of divorces clogging the courts.

Billie legally changed his name, adopting a more feminine spelling, and he began to enjoy his new life. Though their marriage had been annulled, he and Mary still loved one another, and chose to continue their arrangement, effectively becoming lesbian lovers. However, they still enjoyed a big cock a couple of times a week. Unlike their first such encounter, they rarely shared, though. They were too competitive. Instead, they typically brought two men back at the same time, and were fucked side-by-side.

Despite their endless parade of lovers, they remained committed to one another. There was quite a bit of difference between sex and love, after all. As for their relationship, they became closer than they'd ever been when they were married, sharing nearly everything. To an outsider, they seemed more like sisters than anything.

"Didn't you say that Mr. Smith offered you a job?" Mary asked. Billie's severance had run out, and money was beginning to run short. Mary's consulting job provided a decent income, but it wasn't quite enough to keep them afloat. "I mean, I can understand if that's awkward for you, but, well, you do need a job, right?"

Billie shrugged. "I could always strip, you know. Did I tell you about Seth? You remember Seth, right?"

"Your old frat brother, right?" Mary ventured. "The one who slept with, like, that entire sorority?"

"Yeah – that's him," Billie said.

"What about him?" Mary asked.

"That's what he's doing now," Billie said. "He's stripping at one of those clubs downtown. Diamonds, I think it's called."

"Wasn't he the one who started that website?" asked Mary.

Billie nodded. "Girlfriend Revenge," Billie supplied. "You know – the one where guys would post pictures of their ex-girlfriends. Anyway – it went out of business, and he got a job at that club. Apparently, he's making serious money now."

“Seriously, though – you around a bunch of horny guys?” Mary said. “You wouldn’t be able to handle it. I’d be surprised if you didn’t spend most of your time giving blowjobs in the champagne room.”

“I can control myself when I want to!” Billie said indignantly.

“I’m sure you can, honey,” Mary said, picking up on his playful tone. “Really, though – you do need a job. And I bet he’d hire you, if you asked. You worked for them for almost ten years. That has to count for something, right?”

Billie shrugged. “I guess. I mean, I could go talk to him, at least. Maybe they have an opening.”

## **Chapter Twenty**

Billie sat across from Mr. Smith once again, feeling a sense of déjà vu. This time, however, he was dressed in a smart miniskirt and a low cut blouse. He hadn't bothered to wear a bra, and his nipples made twin tents in the thin material. He looked gorgeous, and he knew it.

"So," Smith said. "How have you been, Billie?"

"Good, sir," Billie replied. "As you can see, I've pulled myself together, and I think I can really be an asset to the company. I know I'm qualified, and –"

"I'd love to hire you, Billie," Smith said. "But we don't really have an opening. Lots of bois like you are looking for work now, and all we really have are secretarial jobs."

"That would be perfect!" Billie said, trying to portray innocent sexiness.

"But you're way overqualified for the job," Smith said. "What makes you think you can be an effective secretary?"

Billie thought for a moment before answering. "Over the past two years, I've come to appreciate the fact that not everyone is meant to be on top. In fact, I sort of like being on the bottom, you know. And in that capacity, I think I can really support my superiors, helping them truly reach their full...ah...potential." He licked his lips. "Like you, sir – I would love to...ah...support you in any way I can. Working under you would be an absolute privilege."

"But do you think you can take it?" Smith asked. "Because it's a pretty big job. Some bois can't handle it."

"Oh, yes, sir," Billie said. "I can take anything you throw into me. Oh? Did I say 'into me'? I meant at me."

"Did you?" Smith asked.

"Maybe," was Billie's reply.

"Can you demonstrate your...ah...skills?" Mr. Smith asked.

"Of course," Billie said, standing. He quickly ducked behind the man's desk, and knelt in front of him. He reached out, and slowly unzipped the man's zipper. Once he'd freed Smith's dark member, he held it in his hand appraisingly. It wasn't huge, but then again, size didn't matter all that much. Billie really did like them all.

Eagerly, Billie licked the tip, teasing it. He'd become quite an expert at fellatio, and it showed as he proceeded to give Mr. Smith the best blowjob he'd ever had. Once he'd finished (and, of course, swallowed his salty reward), Billie stood. As he reapplied his lipstick, Billie asked, "Monday at nine, then?"

## Chapter Twenty-One

“You didn’t!” Mary exclaimed.

Billie nodded, bragging, “I did. All he could stammer was, ‘Uh...yeah...of course,’ and then I walked out, giving him a great view of my ass.”

It wasn’t so much that Billie was proud of his actions; he’d just given a man a blowjob so that he could get a job, after all. But he definitely felt some sense of satisfaction in his ability to manipulate Mr. Smith. Still, he did regret the reality of the situation. That he had to resort to such tactics only proved that things weren’t really good for people like him.

He wasn’t angry; far from it – in fact, Billie was relieved that he even had a job. Most bois couldn’t say as much. The current climate of employment for them was such that it was extremely difficult to find any job, much less a good one.

In the wake of the Great Change (*God – I hate that term*, Billy thought), many bois had abandoned any sense of responsibility. It was understandable, with such a massive transformation occupying most of their minds, but it also served to create a few new stereotypes – none of which were positive.

White bois were seen as flighty, irresponsible, and, by some, unintelligent – an inevitable result of their actions after the change. More, though, popular culture had labeled them as cock-crazy sluts who were little more than sex fiends – which, of course, was partially accurate. Billie himself had barely been able to control himself for quite a while. But over time, his libido had adjusted to a more natural level. The damage, however, had been done.

And so, it wasn’t necessarily surprising that a boi with Billie’s qualifications (he had a Master’s degree in marketing from UCLA and a decade of experience) couldn’t do better than a job as a secretary.

But still, as his heightened libido slowly gave way to his natural ambition, he chose to embrace the tools he’d been given, which was why, on his first day, he didn’t hesitate to use his boish wiles to manipulate his new boss.

Within a few weeks, he had Smith wrapped around his finger, and a couple months later, he’d become the highest paid secretary in the company. It wasn’t like he didn’t deserve it, either; his work was absolutely stellar, and he became an invaluable tool in Mr. Smith’s arsenal. However, Billie was under no delusion that his job performance had anything to do with his heightened salary.

Four months after Billie accepted the secretarial job, Phillip asked Billie out on a formal date. Their courtship was unremarkable, filled with wild sex and increasingly inventive dates, and, in the end, a real, concrete love blossomed between

them. Eight months into their relationship, Phillip popped the question, and, of course, with tears in his eyes, Billie agreed to marry the man.

On his wedding day, Billie wore a gorgeous white gown with an elaborate veil. Mary was his Maid of Honor.

After the ceremony, Mary asked, “Are you happy, then? With Phillip, I mean?”  
“I am,” Billie said. “Absolutely.”

# Epilogue

“Did you, then” Desmond Dean, a Democratic Senator from Indiana, asked as he leaned back in his seat. He was riding in the back of a limousine, accompanied by Omar Bell. “You can tell me, Omar. I’m certainly not going to share it with anyone.”

Bell replied, “Of course not. That wasn’t the purpose of this...ah – what is the media calling it? This Great Change? Silly name, but accurate, I suppose. No – Dean. I didn’t manipulate their intelligence. That particular rumor was simply part of Ms. Valentino’s marketing strategy. She really was invaluable in making these cultural changes stick.”

Dean nodded. “Of course,” he said. “She did a wonderful job. It’s a shame about her...er...accident, though.”

The doctor shrugged. “Just goes to show you that any of us can go at any time, though, doesn’t it?”

“I suppose,” Desmond replied. “Where are we going, anyway?”

“I wanted to show you something,” Bell responded cryptically. “It was a bit of a passion project for me, but it’s come time to end it. I can’t give it the attention it deserves, and so, must abandon it.”

“So why am I here?” the politician asked.

“I wanted to show it to someone before I destroyed it,” was Bell’s simple answer.

Dean had no idea what project Bell might have brewing in central Mississippi, but knowing the doctor, it was something impressively elaborate and morally objectionable. Whatever the case, Dean had no intention of angering Bell; he wasn’t so delusional that he thought Inara Valentino’s death had been anything but murder.

After what had to be an hour and a half of uncomfortable silence, the limousine pulled to a creaking stop. Senator Dean looked out the heavily tinted window to see a densely forested landscape. The partition slid down, and Bell’s ever-present bodyguard said, “We’re here, Dr. Bell,” in his deep, gravelly voice.

“Very well, Clarence,” Bell responded. He picked up a small tablet, punched a few buttons, and said, “You may proceed.”

“Where are we?” Dean ventured.

“Welcome to Justice Creek, Mississippi, Senator Dean,” Bell stated. “This is where I was born and raised. This is where I became the man I am today.”

As the car rolled forward, Dean couldn’t help but notice the note of extreme bitterness in the doctor’s voice.